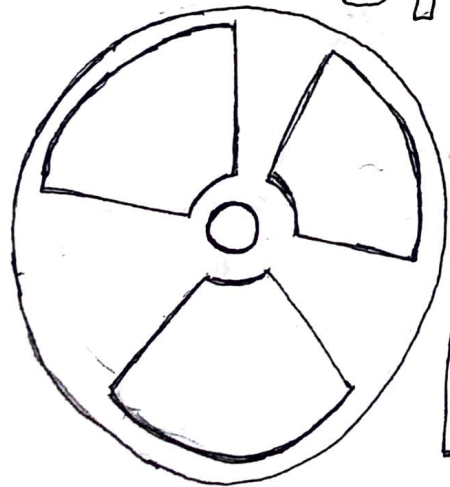


Hampshire's  
First

# Post-Apocalyptic



# MEN

Caution: Obtaining this  
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Post Apocalyptic  
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**The OMEN Staff**  
 SURVIVORS

Jacob LEFTON survived through pure grit: he took the full blast of the shockwave in the face, clinging to a rock so he was not blown away, and then spent four days ~~reconstructing~~ irradiated bunny corpses.

Lindsay Barbieri was in the Omen office when the bombs went off (because she pretty much lives there anyways... no, seriously,) and therefore was saved due to the fact that the Omen Office is bomb-proof. ♥

EVAN SILBERMAN sacrificed his friend, as a meat shield to survive the initial blast. Upon regaining consciousness, he got up on his four legs, and blinked his three eyes and staggered to SAGA, where, of course, the waffle machine had survived.

David Mansfield  
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 David's Wisdom Crater

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 I HATE CANCER

Front Cover:  
 Jacob Lefton

Back Cover:  
 Lindsay Barbieri

**To Submit:**

Send a carrier pigeon, a mutant porcupine, or just walk your submission to the basement in the hush of what we used to call Merrill-A.

We prefer neat handwritten documents with at least 1/4" margins. If you have access to a typewriter, that works too. Computers are useless in this God-forsaken mess of a civilization.

Post-Apocalyptic

**Editorial**

by JACOB LEFTON

Dear Readers

The Omen would like to apologize for the delay these past few weeks, but because of circumstances beyond our control, we were unable to put out an issue. Thankfully, someone gave us enough time on a generator to run this photocopier we managed to salvage from a basement.

Much to our surprise, it wasn't Global warming, and it wasn't an asteroid, and it wasn't general anarchic decay of society. It was the good ol'-fashioned

**Bomb!**

You know, with all the air-raid sirens, nuclear fallout, automatic retaliation, auto re-retaliation and every other bit of Crunchy mutually-assured-destructive goodness. Like it was right outta some

Damn Science Fiction book or 1950's movie or something. And we, the dedicated and dutiful Omen editors have been doing overtime trying to pull this issue together - you know, after we pulled ourselves and friends out of the rubble. BUT right

after that, we got down to work.

A friend of mine managed to dig up an old HAM radio somewhere, and through reports we've been hearing over it, we think we've got at least part of the story.

- Pakistani President Pervez Musharraf was being forced out of power by the Indian Government - Apparently after violent conflicts, the other generals in Pakistan turned to the Indian govt.
- Musharraf fires the bomb at India.
- India retaliates.
- Broken sensors in Siberia misread atomic bursts and launch ICBMs at mainland USA.
- NORAD's automated sensors pick up incoming ICBMs and respond with similar missiles.
- North Korea thinks we're launching at them and fire at us.
- Stray bombs land in Europe and set off European nuclear missiles.
- China, Israel, and Iran fire nuclear warheads.
- Big MESS. Australia is like, WTF, mate.



Mike Doyle's

## Section of

Post Apocalyptic **HATE**

Hey Mingle berries,

It's Christmas time. It's time to celebrate the "birthday" of some "guy" who "died". You know why I added quotations?

**"Birthday"**

- The birth of he that we know as Jesus Christ was not in December, but thought to be sometime in the Spring. In the first millennium, the Catholic Church decided to celebrate the birth of Christ around the time of the Winter Solstice. The reason for this is that Christianity's main competition was Mithraism, a religion worshipping the sun-god, Mithra. Mithra's story is strikingly similar to that of Christ... born of an unknown father, killed only to rise again, etc. In Mithraism, there was a great celebration in the month of December before everyone hunkered down for winter.

TRUE Accounts~~How~~ "How I survived"

I believe in God and Jesus so I'm in heaven. — Sahar Youssefi

Well I guess I'm not really in heaven yet. But God will save me and send me there.

**Submit:**

Poetry

Photography  
and

Creative Prose

to [Reader@hampshire.edu](mailto:Reader@hampshire.edu)  
by February 9th 2008.

Society  
Collapsed!Shit. Am  
I fired then?

But if Christians celebrated Christmas as the birth of Christ, they had themselves a festival that could go head to head with Mithraism.

**"Guy"**

- Christianity is based on the belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. This raises the question of whether or not he is a man as we typically think of or if he is part deity. However, there is no other instance we can look to for comparison because all other discourse on religious deities is open to interpretation and the interpretations have started <sup>more</sup> wars and killed more people in the name thereof that it isn't exceptionally prudent for us to try taking this on right now. Back to the matter at hand. There are several possibilities. Firstly, since man and woman is made in God's image, one could argue that we are all ~~children~~ children of God.

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Secondly, we could take a conservative stance on Christ's family line and state that his father is unknown, not necessarily God, and that what set him apart from others was his own doing, the example he set in life by displaying love for his fellow man. The third possibility is that he is in fact the son of God and is himself a deity, or at least partly holy. Accepting this is a core belief of Christianity.

### "Died"

- One of the most well-known stories, beliefs, whatever you want to call it, pertaining to Christ's life is that three days after his death, he rose from his resting place and walked again. If this is true, did he truly die? Even if it is not, the fact that such a kind and simple man is remembered today, over 2000 years after he was alive, how could anyone say he has died? We remember him so fondly and hold him in our hearts as such, it is as though he is still alive today.

I'd like to address the choice of subject matter in this piece... I chose to write about Christmas because it is something that is in my experience. I hope that others will write about other holidays and religions at this time of year, a time of togetherness and love when we can all open our hearts and ears to people of other faiths than that of our own.

HAPPY Holidays.

- Mike Doyle

## 7 REFLECTIONS

on my first semester at  
COLLEGE by Emily Waid-Jones

### 1. DO NOT under any circumstances

give your number to the ~~creaky~~ kid who invited you up to his to "WATCH" a movie during the 1<sup>st</sup> week of school. From that point on you will be permanently paranoid that he will call and because you deleted his number

### FOREVER AND Y2 A GO

you will answer out of curiosity and then be forced to have a **HIGHLY** awkward conversation.

### 2. Just because you have a

### FOUR DAY WKND!

Every weekend doesn't mean you can ~~be~~ FROLIC all four days

and do all your homework on Monday night... especially when two of your classes are project-intensive studio art classes.

#### SURVIVAL TIPS:

If you are lost in a post-apocalyptic wasteland, keep moving! Radioactive bears have been preying on the wounded.

Waffles from SAGA will not cure radiation sickness, despite the rumors.



7. Advising days are <sup>8</sup> more exciting than snow days <sup>BECAUSE</sup> you know when they are going to happen and can plan accordingly.

**SURVIVAL TIP:**  
Remember the rhyme—  
"Glowy rocks make shrivelled cods." Don't sit on radioactive material ~~or~~ you may damage your fertility, booming the human race.

8. Shared iTunes playlists are **GOD**.  
To the "porno soundtrack"—thank you for getting me into Modest Mouse and for having a stellar name.  
And to "stfu already"—YOU HAVE THE HAIR SOUNDTRACK!  
And to "stfu already"—might we set up a music trade? Mine is "see Emily play" if you'd like to barter.

9. **NOTHING** is too weird for **HAMPSHIRE**.

In fact, I feel quite normal here, which is very comforting. Unfortunately, what goes at Camp Hamp doesn't always flow in the rest of the world.

EXAMPLE: when I was home over October break I was complaining about my tai chi class to my mom and my brother asked what exactly tai chi was so I proceeded to demonstrate in a very exaggerated manner. Apparently, that isn't socially acceptable in the middle of a grocery store.



**ADVERTISEMENT**  
Hardy band of survivors looking for a few good mutants to forge a new society from the rubble of the old regime. If you are a smoker or are snuddering, you need not apply. Contact Steve by the Glowing Reservoir.

4. IF you are <sup>9</sup>awake at 2:00 (or any other obscure hour of the morning) with nothing to do, or have work to do but would rather not, or just don't feel like sleeping, chances are you will be able to find someone else w/in close proximity in the same boat.

OK THIS WAS GOING TO BE THE MOON BUT IT LOOKS LIKE CRAP

**LOOKING FOR FRIENDS?**

considering the odds, it is probably best to just give up hope.

Seriously, your friends are all dead.

**BASICALLY,** if you are **BORED**, there is something **SIGNIFICANTLY** wrong w/ you because there is pretty much **ALWAYS** SOMETHING going on **SOMEWHERE**.

5. **DON'T SET YOUR ALARM** if you don't plan to stay in your room that night. Your hall mates don't want to wake up when it says to and then have to stay awake for the next **HOVR** while it beeps incessantly waiting for you to grudgingly turn it off and get out of bed.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep  
**BEEP BEEP** oh god...

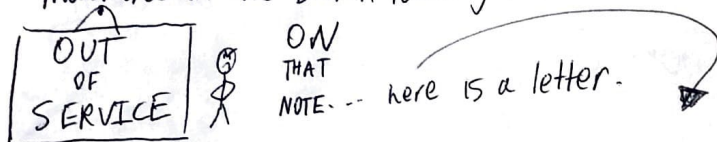
6. **Don't wait until you run out of clothes** to do the laundry. Not only will it probably not fit in your bag, but you will also piss people off by taking multiple washers. Speaking of which—it is not necessary to separate your clothes into every color of the **rainbow**. Chances are you can probably get away with just **DARKS** + lights. If you wash them on the bright colors setting, the colors won't bleed and you won't need to bother with tedious color separation.



### 3. Try not to get hungry @ weird times.

SAGA isn't always open when you'd like it to be and the Bridge closes at 11:00 PM.

OH — and thanks to some ASSHOLE, the vending machine in the Dakin laundry room is forever



## Dear Douche Bag,

Would it have killed you to scrounge around for some @ quarters? First of all,

**YOU WERE IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM.**

That is a goldmine for change [social change! — Ed.] because not everyone empties their pockets before they wash and there are generally odd bits of silver on the floor. Secondly, the lounge is right

The lounge has → have underneath said are the possibilities of LOST CHANGE. **TOO**

But **APPARENTLY**, looking was **DIFFICULT** for you and you decided it would be a better idea to **COMPLETELY ANNIHILATE** the vending machine.

So good job, you **FUCKED OVER** everyone who ever gets the munchies and seeks out the vending machine.

Hugs, kisses, & sucker punches,  
The Hungry Residents of Dakin

### 10. ROBERTA might be my MOST FAVORITE PERSON on campus.

At first I was a little intimidated by her enthusiastic nature so early in the morning, but I have grown quite fond of her and feel as though a SAGA trip is incomplete if she isn't the one to swipe my ID.

#### TRUE ACCOUNTS



#### "How I Survived"

Sam Campbell survived first & foremost by not being caught in the blastwave of a 50 megaton H-Bomb. This put him a step ahead of much of the North Eastern Corridor. Fortunately I managed to survive by eating irradiated long pig (aka Human) & the occasional glowing dog. You'd be surprised how long the human body can survive eating other humans; they contain everything a growing boy needs. This diet however caused a mutation in him, which was great because teleportation is really useful when most cars & roads are busted. Even the odd side-effect of randomly switching point of view/person doesn't come up that much since everyone is dead!

♥ SAM CAMPBELL ☀



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Jericha Senyak's

## Dear Hampshire, Can we Have Better (Post Apocalyptic) Sex Please?

This is my first ever submission to the Omen

No really. I wrote my sex columns during ~~the~~ assorted fits of frustration last year and published them as Facebook notes, and the Omen submitted to me. That is, Lindsay asked nicely if she could publish them. Given that for the most part, only people who go to SAGA read the Omen, and most of the people who are actually referenced in the column don't go to SAGA ~~and~~ because they're cool and live in the woods and can apparently make Top Ramen for the price of fifty cents and a microwave instead of paying through the nose to eat the gelatinous excuse for cuisine that our dining halls serve forth, I said yes.

But then somebody did something shocking and actually rose out of the apathetic sludge that engulfs most of this campus when it comes to doing any work. They don't have to do unless various illegal substances are involved (please note that my bedroom is a particularly noxious sludge depository and the fact that I am currently writing this instead of sleeping/eating/fucking is fairly unprecedented), and submitted to the Omen a question for me. The question, if you didn't catch that particular installment (and to be honest the only reason I caught it myself was that it was in the Super Shitty Enline Issue; I don't really read the Omen because it depresses me almost as much as the Daily Jiff) was a deceptively simple one: What constitutes good sex?

### What Constitutes good Sex?

Good sex has two components: the physical and the mental. The physical component involves the purely sensory part of the sex. If it feels good, well hey, that's it. The mental component involves how you feel afterwards. Simply not feeling bad about the sex isn't enough to qualify it as good; to consider it good mentally I'd have to say the occurrence of the sex act actually has to add to your overall feeling of long-term well-being (or detract from your overall feeling of long-term misery.) This is different than regretting or not regretting the sex. I've had sexual encounters that I would repeat in an instant even though they wound up getting me into emotional messes far nastier than anything I've ever had to clean off my sheets, because they were enjoyable regardless of how much they fucked me up afterwards.

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Meaning that you can have sex that is good physically and not mentally, and vice versa. You can have lots of orgasms with someone and still want to smash things because the next night they were off having lots of orgasms with someone else. You can be about as far from an orgasm as I am from carrying out my longtime dream of being doubleteamed by two characters from a series of fantasy novels I read when I was twelve (for those of you getting lost in the sentence structure, that's very, very far) and still feel happy and fulfilled afterwards because you shared an intimate moment with someone you care about—someone who simply hasn't discovered where the clitoris is yet, or got a little overexcited a little too quickly, or whatever.

This is not to say that orgasms are necessary for the sex to be good. The human body is capable of feeling a whole lot of pleasurable things without attaining orgasm. The questions to ask yourself when determining if the sex was good are very, very basic: Does your body feel good about what happened? Does your mind feel good about what happened? Yes to one or the other is a good start. Yes to both is what we all hope for, along with world peace, a cure for AIDS and cherry-flavored condoms that actually taste like cherries. Yes to neither is worrisome and begs another question, which is why the hell did you do it then?

To the question of how to have good sex, even when you don't know the person at all, my answer is this: Say you like it that way when they do something right. Say you like it another way when they do something you don't. Demonstrate. Be confident. Listen.



# David's Wisdom Crater<sup>14</sup>

An advice column by David Mansfield,  
self-proclaimed King of New Earth.

x x x

David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: Zombie Babies Feast Indiscriminately on the Flesh of All Humans, Finding Connections in a society in which you are the Only One Left Alive, Making Canned Food Last, and The Great Big Book of Trains. He asks that you submit to his rule unconditionally.

xxx

Dear Lord David,

My brother won't stop apologizing! When he drops by my house he apologizes for not calling first, when he does call he says he's sorry for interrupting whatever I was doing. He apologizes when we both begin to speak at the same time, or when I let him know any bad news about my life. I tell him repeatedly that I love him and he doesn't need to apologize for every little thing, and then he apologizes for that! What can I do?

Apologetic Brother Won't Understand My Pleas For Unapologetic Silence.

Dear ABWUMPFUS,

It's pretty clear that your brother is dealing with some issues of self worth. You should ask yourself why he might find himself undeserving of a place in your home, phone line, and heart. It might have something to do with you, but more likely is that it stems from something deep within him, like an evil kidney fluke or something. I don't know much about evil kidney flukes since I made them up just now, but I can guess at how you might get rid of one. Have you tried telling your brother to drink lots of water? They probably hate water. No. Wait. Flukes lay their eggs in water. They probably love water. You're probably best off avoiding water until we figure this out.

(continues...)

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Okay, let's be calm about this. The evil kidney fluke wants us to freak out. That's probably how it gets its power.

It has probably already deposited its eggs in your brother's sinuses or prostate, and I would assume that these eggs may now be transmitted to other hosts via touching, sneezing, or eye contact. We are all in grave danger.

Maybe you should begin by asking your brother why he has to drink water all the time. Let him know that his selfish lifestyle choices have doomed his species. If he tries to apologize for that, pick up a plate of food from the dinner table and hurl it dramatically at the wall, screaming that this is no time for apologies. Tell him he should leave, and when he turns around, throw another plate, this time at his head. That should knock him unconscious, at which point you will be able to confine him to a locked room or cage. I'm not really sure what to do beyond that. You might be best off contacting an exorcist, veterinarian, doctor, congress-person, psychic, or superdoctor.

xxx

That's all for this time. If the internet still existed, you would be able to visit the archives at [davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com](http://davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com).

## I HATE CANCER!

If you do too, write to

VBQ 06@hampshire.edu

or visit [hampshireRelay.Proboards74.com](http://hampshireRelay.Proboards74.com)

Relay for Life April 18-19

Cancer sucks  
Advocate  
Victoria Quine





# Post Apocalyptic Fun!

Tired of trying to find food and Water?  
Sick of burying your friends' remains?

Looking for Some  
**FUN?**

Submit your Post Apocalyptic  
Stories to the **OMEN** Send to (LKBØ6)

Tell us how you Survived  
(or didn't) and what you're doing  
now that the apocalypse  
has come!